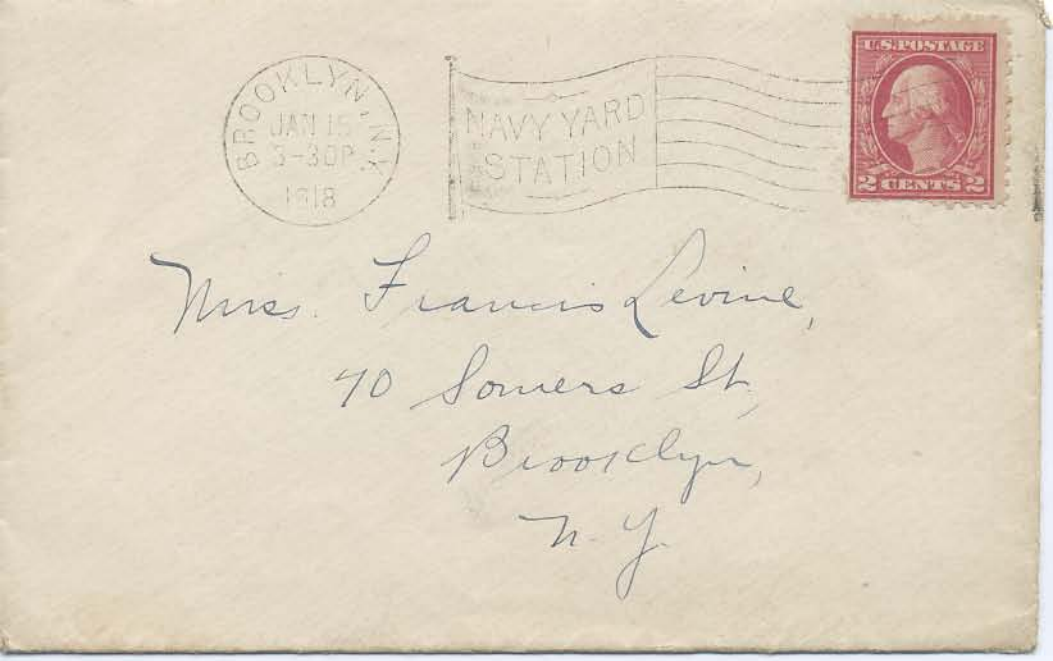

Jan. 15th, 1918.

Good morning, darling Wifie:-

How are you? How do you feel precious? O. K. I hope. Did you go to bed so early last night? I really mean did you go right to bed after I left? I hope you did.

I went to bed about 12.30 & got up at 5 this morning, but I am going to bed very early to-night so as to make up for any loss of sleep, & then I am going to ——— what? Why, dream of the best ~~little~~ wifie in the world.

How did my boots get down to the dispensary in this weather? Please, please, do take care of yourself & please don't run, and don't lift anything. Take things easy. Honest thou me, sweet one?

I'd like to bet a dollar to a doughnut, you didn't go to bed last night until you helped

Nellie finish those waists. Am I right in my conclusion?

Well Sweet, I'll have to quit now, as I must go to work, so will close with a hug, squeeze & millions of kisses,

Ever lovingly,

Hubby.

Expect a letter from my sweet wife.